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HOURS AT HOME.

LYNN H. SPROULL.



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# HOURS AT HOME.

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## POEMS

BY

LYMAN H. SPROULL,  
AUTHOR OF "LINES" BY LAMPLIGHT."



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LYMAN H. SPROULL.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS collection of poems, like its predecessor, "Lines by Lamplight," was written amid the life of a mining camp, where its author found scant time in his after hours to prepare it, in a little placer cabin which he calls home.

L. H. S.

Cripple Creek, Colo., May, 1895.



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# HOURS AT HOME.

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## AMONG THE PEAKS.

The last faint ray of dying day  
Has lit the peaks of snow,  
While cold and dark the shadows lay  
Across the parks below.

The night has fallen quite asleep  
Along the cañon walls,  
Where not a star would dare to peep  
Within night's rocky halls.

My camp-fire leaps to greet the night,  
And paints the craggy cliffs,  
With fairies, born of blazing light,  
That chase the windy whiffs.

I hear the falls that dash afar  
From off the rocky steep,  
Sing to the chilly evening air  
A lullaby of sleep.

I hear the coyote's lonely call  
Far up the rocky height;  
I hear the answering echoes fall  
Upon the lonely night.

My fire dies; the night-winds moan  
Along the cañon creeks,  
And night and I are here alone  
Among the silent peaks.

## THE CABIN.

In a green sunny place, by low mountains surrounded,  
It stands on its old and half worm-eaten sills ;  
While near by the door runs a bright little river,  
That's formed by the springs which rise far in the hills.

Its frame, old and shaky, its floor, worn and quaky,  
Are still rendering service to those who live there,  
While out from its odd looking chimney arises  
The smoke which fades out on the soft balmy air.

The sunshine from heaven smiles down on the valley,  
And sleeps on the parks by the murmuring fall ;  
And when the round sun descends slowly at even,  
It sheds its last rays on the old cabin walls.

And there in the still and the dark lonely valley,  
It stands by the river which sings thro' the glen,  
Till night passes off from the earth like a shadow,  
And morning beams over the valley again.

## WE.

Three youthful hunters, each with gun,  
Stole out before the morning sun,  
To scour the country far and near,  
In search of turkey, cat, or deer.

Well, on they tramped a little while,  
Till in the morning's early smile,  
Their eyes were gladdened by the sight  
Of deer, outlined against the light.

With bending backs and stealthy tread,  
They neared the deer with guns ahead—  
They neared until the foremost one,  
With warning hand, drew up his gun.

A click, a flash, a pealing sound,  
With echoes flying all around,  
And down upon the leaves, so dead,  
The little creature dropped and bled.



“Ho, ho!” came shouting from the rear,  
“Great guns, and we have shot a deer!”  
“Hold on,” the youthful marksman cried,  
In tones that well bespoke his pride,  
“Don’t put that *we* in such a glee;  
I shot that deer, it wasn’t *we*.”

Up to the little thing they went,  
And o’er its bleeding form they bent,  
When—oh, what grief had struck them now!  
The *deer* was Uncle’s Jersey cow.

“Great guns!” the frightened marksman cried,  
“We’ve killed our Uncle’s Jersey pride!”  
“Hold on,” came quickly from the rear,  
In tones that well bespoke their fear,  
“Don’t put that *we* in such a muss;  
*You* killed that cow, it wasn’t us.”

## THE RAINBOW.

It rained, it thundered, and it passed;  
Still louder sang the brook;  
The marbles in the churchyard blazed  
Like ghosts within the sunset dazed,  
When mother bade me look.

I looked, and there a rainbow spanned  
The east, which lowering hung  
With clouds; imprinted there, so grand;  
One foot upon a neighboring land,  
And one the graves among.

My mother often told a tale—  
And well the tale was told—  
That at the rainbow's foot, so deep,  
Was buried in a treasured heap  
A little pot of gold.

Long years have passed. Last eve I sat  
    Within that home again,  
And watched a storm pass o'er, when Lo!  
High in the east that radiant bow  
    Came blazing forth again.

Once more its foot was on the graves,  
    With marbles white and fair,  
Which seemed to tell the tale anew:  
A treasure's here!—Dear treasure, too!  
    My mother rested there!

## OUT COLLECTING.

“I thought I’d call around ter day  
And see how things were comin’;  
I heard old neighbor Jackson say  
Yer business hyar was hummin’.”

“That’s straight, old boy, he struck it thar,  
And never wrong a minute;  
I’ve got a whalin’ business hyar,  
And buried strictly in it.”

“I’m glad ter hear it, sir ; I knowed  
That yer was jest a hummer—  
I’ve brought that little bill yer owed  
Ter brother Hanse last summer.

“He’s got a hard old row ter hoe ;  
The doctor’s tendin’ Mandy ;  
And if yer’d pay that bill yer owe,  
’Twould come in mighty handy.”

“Oh well, old feller, that’s a hoss  
Of still another color;  
I’m doin’ putty well of course,  
But these times shake a feller.

“Go home and tell yer brother Hanse  
I couldn’t make kernections,  
And give ter him a song and dance  
About my poor kerlections.”

“That’s jest the way with all these set  
Yer’d think was buzz and fire;  
They’re never knowed ter pay a debt,  
But strut like big Golier.”

## THE SPANISH PEAKS.

Alone they stand, with rocky heads  
Well clad with ice and snow,  
O'erlooking many a piñon grove  
That dots the land below.

The first to catch the morning sun  
Across the lonely plains;  
The last to see him hide himself  
When day descending wanes.

Deep in their chasms and their caves,  
Like fugitives astray,  
They harbor many a bit of night  
That sleeps concealed from day.

IN THE RESTAURANT.

Say, this is a friend o' mine, Billy;  
Just dish him up somethin' to chew,  
While I tell you the tale of the duffer,  
And I'll make 'er right, flunky, with you.

We were pards in a cabin last winter;  
In March we broke up the old nest,  
And both hit the trail for the diggins—  
He hoofed it along with the rest.

But I missed him somehow on the mountains,  
In a norther of snow and of sleet,  
And I thought he was dead—poor old feller!—  
Till he showed up last night on the street.

You had better believe he was tickled  
To see his old pardner again—  
Here Frisco, come chew—thank ye Billy—  
He's a dog—but a man among men.

## SHELTERED.

Oh, what a night, with starry charts  
Well mapped against the wintry dome—  
And here are we with happy hearts,  
Around the blazing hearth of home.  
The shifting snow comes scudding low,  
From out the moonlit cañons nigh,  
And drifts about the rocks without—  
But what is that to you and I!

The mountains yonder, cold and grim,  
With caps of snow and gowns of frost,  
Look at the moon, which looks at them,  
While winks and blinks the starry host.  
The cold wind seeks among the peaks  
For barren rocks on which to sigh,  
And howls at will upon the hill—  
But what is that to you and I!



The brooklet snaps his icy shed  
    To get a breath of frosty air,  
But, shivering on his pebbly bed,  
    He heals again the rent that's there.  
The dismal howl of wolves that prowl  
    'Mong rugged mountains, cold and high,  
Floats to our ear—but sheltered here,  
    Say, what is that to you and I!

## THE MINER'S LOSS.

“Well, how're they comin'—what's the news?

I haven't seen ye fur a year.”

“Oh, kinder rocky—got the blues;

I've lost ten thousand dollars clear.”

“And how was that?—if 'taint a joke—

I never know'd you had a red.

You never had when I was broke,

Or't least that allers what you said.”

“Well now, you know that claim I hit

Out yonder on the Little Bear?

Well, I had sold it—was to git

The money if the stuff was there.

“I piloted the expert out—

Took 'long a bottle with me, too—

And showed the stuck-up all about,

And told him what the rock would do.

“I was to get ten thousand down,

Which makes a decent little roll;

But 'twouldn't pan a color, Brown—

I guess there's nothin' in the hole.”

## BEREFT.

Dear Sammy sleeps upon the hill,  
And oftimes thro' the summer haze,  
When all the mountains seem so still,  
Far up to yonder mound I gaze.

It seems but yesterday at most,  
We left the old Ohio farm—  
Left all our friends and sought the West  
To make our fortune—and return.

Yes, make our fortune and return  
To friends we'd left in other years ;  
But oh, those hopes no longer burn ;  
Their flames are quenched with death  
and tears.

For here within this lonely place,  
Where miners seek for hidden gold,  
I toil with young, yet hopeless face,  
While he is left with one so cold.

And now while o'er the frothy suds  
My eyes with bitter tears will fill ;  
I wash for bread—the miners' duds—  
And Sammy sleeps upon the hill.

## THE WASHEE MAN.

It was washee, washee, washee, when the sun was in the  
sky,  
And 'twas washee, washee, washee, when the evening  
stars were high;  
It was washee, washee, washee, for the money and the  
bread,  
And I can not tell you truly when this worker went  
to bed.

I have passed his place at morning, and 'twas washee,  
washee, then,  
And at noon and then at evening, and as late as nine  
or ten,  
Yet he still was at his labor, washing, ironing the clothes,  
Over which he sprinkled water with his funny sounding  
blows.

I have learned this history of him, not from his, but  
other's lips,  
That his country is so distant, that 'tis only reached by  
ships.  
That this queer, queer little worker left his home and  
friends so dear;  
Crossed a great, great world of water, and for money  
landed here.

Oft while on my little burro, riding through the dust  
and sun,  
I would head him for the laundry, and we'd go and  
visit John.  
Out he'd come with smiles to greet us, stroke Pete's ear  
with kindly touch,  
Till we all grew friends together, and he liked us "belly  
much."

But our washee man has left us; he has gone—I don't  
know where;  
Left us, while the smell of powder lingered on the  
dusty air.  
Let me tell the story to you, for I have it written  
down,  
How the miners dynamited this queer worker out  
of town.

It was pay-day—all was bustle—and the town was filled  
with men;  
There was laughing, there was shouting, with a rumpus  
now and then;  
And the money they had worked for in the mines upon  
the hills,  
Was fast seeking the depressions in the liquor dealers'  
tills.

I was out along the flume-way on my little burro  
Pete,  
When a great explosion shook us, just across the rocky  
street;  
Up I looked and saw ascending high towards the midday  
sun,  
Boards and shingles, wildly blending with the dust cloud  
into one.

Out of every door came pouring miners to the dusty  
air;  
Windows filled; while others dodging round the corners  
turned to stare;  
And a look of wonder tarried on the faces of the  
throng,  
Till a smile, which proved quite catching, like a fever,  
came along.

Then a Chinaman went dashing through the dust and  
sunlight red,  
With his pigtail streaming backward, like a black snake  
from his head;  
And (as I once heard them tell it, so I went and wrote  
it down)  
He was hitting the high places out of camp and out  
of town.

Yes, was going it like blazes for the trail just over  
there,

While a roaring "Good-bye, Johnny" floated on the  
dusty air.

Mamma says that it was wicked, and I always side  
with her,

For our washee man was better than the dynamiters  
were.

## THE FATE OF THE PLAINSMAN.

His life-blood stains the feathery snow  
    Within the wintry sunset light;  
He calls for help—but who can know  
    That he lies dying here to-night?

The morning beams upon the scene ;  
    Another sunset chills his face,  
But miles and miles still intervene  
    Between a human and the place.

The treacherous gun has stilled the hand  
    That carried it along the plains,  
And now throughout the lonely land,  
    The wolves are strewing the remains.

The summer comes with scorching sun;  
    Some hunters through the country pass,  
When Lo, a bone—a rusty gun—  
    Are found amid the waving grass !



## GOING TO COPPER ROCK.

“Where’s Copper Rock?” “Round that ’ere mountain.”

“How far is it now, would you say?”

“Well, a mile or so, I’m a judgin’;

Just foller the valley — that way.

You’ll go past the butte you see yonder,

And keep up the hill — can’t go wrong.”

“All right, I’ll be there *poco tiempo*;

Good-day to you, stranger.” “So-long.”

“Hello there, my boy; can you tell me

If I’m right for the Copper Rock Camp?

How far is it round that old mountain?

It seems like a de’il of a tramp.”

“Well, ’tis seven — eight miles, I guess, Mister;

The walk is a terrible dose.”

“Great guns, is that so? I must hurry;

Good-day to you, lad.” “*A Dios.*”

“Well, Uncle, how goes it?—I’m going  
To Copper Rock—say, is it far?”

“It is twelve miles or over, I reckon;  
You’ll know she’s all that when your thar.”

“Why, man, over five miles behind me,  
A boy said it was seven or eight.

Good-day; I must get a move on me,  
Or find that blamed town rather late.”

“Hello there, my friend, I’m a traveling  
To Copper Rock—how far is it, say?

I’ve asked nigh a dozen of fellers,  
And each got it farther away.”

“It is fourteen miles, may be, or nigh it.”

“Great Guns, but she’s outstripping me!  
She’s on wheels—that’s the matter with Copper—  
But I’ll run ’er down, now you see.”

“Say friends, I’m agoing to Copper Rock;

How far is it now, would you judge?”

“It is sixteen miles, pardner, I know it:

’Tis way at the end of yon ridge.”

“That settles it then with me, fellers;

I’ve hoofed it all day on my heels

To capture that town, but remember,

I’m done chasin’ houses on wheels.”

## THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Night has passed away and morning  
    Shoots her trembling beams so fair,  
Over hills and plains and mountains,  
    Arrowing the bright'ning air.  
Through the window, falling faster,  
    Now those silvery beams appear,  
While the sky is growing lighter,  
    And the day is drawing near.  
Through the window, through the window,  
    When the morning beams appear,  
Let us watch the day draw near.

Hour by hour the day is passing,  
    While we watch the snow that lies  
On the grand and lofty mountains,  
    'Neath the calm September skies.

Through the window on the carpet,  
Sleeps the sunshine from the sky,  
While the birds around are singing,  
And the day is passing by.

Through the window, through the window,  
While the sun is in the sky,  
Let us watch the day pass by.

Down within the western heavens,  
O'er the mountains snowy head,  
Slowly now the sun is setting,  
And the western skies are red.

Through the window evening ventures,  
And the day at last is done;

All the shadows grow to darkness  
As the mountains hide the sun.

Through the window, through the window,  
From the sunset's mellow glow,  
Let us watch the shadows grow.

Now the night is softly wrapping  
All the valleys and the hills,  
While the sleeping birds are list'ning  
To the music of the rills.  
Through the window softly rustling,  
'Neath the stars sweet glow of light,  
While the weary ones are sleeping,  
Comes the whispering breath of night.  
Through the window, through the window,  
While the stars are shinning bright,  
Let us hail the dusky night.

A BOY'S DREAM.

Last night I dreamt the moon rose up  
    Within the heavens blue,  
And floated off upon its back,  
    Just like a bark canoe;  
And I got in its concave top,  
    Without a sail or oar,  
And hurried off in it to stop  
    At some bright fairy shore.

The sky an ocean seemed to be,  
    So beautiful, so blue;  
The stars, like fishes in the sea,  
    Played round my strange canoe;  
While overhead, hung here and there,  
    Some sparkled clear and bright—  
Elf-lanterns hanging in the air  
    Throughout the lonely night.

And lingering in the soft, rich blue,  
I saw the morning star,  
Rise like a sun to guide me through  
To some bright land afar;  
While high and grey the milky-way  
Hung o'er my ocean's floor;  
Just like a rainbow out at sea,  
When all the storms are o'er.

Alas ! the vision faded out;  
My strange canoe upset,  
And I went down amid the stars,  
And in the blue got wet.  
Then far along the eastern sky  
The morning slowly beamed,  
And I awoke, and found that I  
Was lower than I dreamed.



IN THE GROVE.

The summer has gone and the winter has come;  
The woods are swept naked and bare.  
Away to the south the cold round sun  
Looks down with a frosty stare.  
To their straw-sheds for shelter the foraging herd  
Is hast'ing by brooklet and cove;  
While in the pale sunlight a little snow-bird  
Sings out in the desolate grove.

A soft, floating frost fills the evening air,  
And reaches the half-hidden sun;  
The limbs of the trees 'gainst the sunset are bare,  
And the wailing of winds has begun.  
I hear the faint low of the home-coming herd,  
While the darkness is deep'ning above;  
I hear a faint chirp, and I think of that bird,  
Alone in the desolate grove.

## DISSATISFIED.

Our corn fields here  
Have not a deer  
To sniff the cold and breezy wind;  
No baying hound  
Is on his round,  
With steed and rider close behind.

No lions rove  
About our grove,  
Nor wild cats lurk within these oaks;  
Those bushes there  
Contain no bear  
To prowls at night and scare the folks.

No Indian builds  
Upon our hills  
His blazing camp-fire in the night;  
Nor panther cries  
Beneath these skies  
To give the echoing hills a fright.

Across this snow  
No buffalo  
Trails out his way with steaming breast.  
No, not a charm  
On this old farm!  
I must go West! I must go West!

—BRUSH GROVE, IOWA, 1884.

## THINKING OF CHILDHOOD.

There sits an old man in his rocker,  
    With hair that is whiter than snow,  
Musing back on the days of his childhood,  
    And the home that he left long ago.  
That home near the bright little river  
    Which flowed by the grove green and fair,  
Where the birds built their nests in the sum-  
    And he longs once again to be there. [mer—  
There with his father and mother ;  
There with his sister and brother ;  
    There by the green, shady grove,  
    With the high azure heavens above.

He thinks of that dear little sister,  
    So modest in all of her ways ;  
Of the brother so gay and so prankish,  
    Who led in their rambles and plays.  
The path which led down to the orchard,  
    By willows so tall and so fair ;  
The well in the shade of the russet—  
    And he longs once again to be there.

There with his father and mother;  
There with his sister and brother;  
    There by the deep, mossy well,  
    Where the blooms of the apple-tree fell.

He remembers his father while coming  
    From harvest fields over the way,  
Where the reaper all day with its humming  
    Would furnish them music for play.  
How swift they would scamper to meet him,  
    While mother with busiest care,  
Was placing the dinner for papa--  
    And he longs once again to be there.  
There with his father and mother;  
There with his sister and brother;  
    There where the reaper afield,  
    Sang songs of the bountiful yield.

But he's far from that home by the river,  
    And far from those faces so dear,  
Which have faded--aye, faded forever--  
    And he's left with his musings so drear.

He thinks of the lane long and shady,  
Where they played in the soft summer air;  
He thinks of the grove and the river—  
And he longs once again to be there.  
There with his father and mother;  
There with his sister and brother;  
There in the long, shady lane,  
With his sweet, happy childhood again.

TYE AND THE BEE.

One day while Tye was by the lea,  
A strolling round for things to see,  
He spied beneath an old oak tree,  
A little busy bumble bee.

Away he ran to it in glee,  
And kneeling down upon his knee,  
He whispered, "Baby, don't you flee;  
You little baby bumble bee."

He stretched his arm and caught the wee  
Thing in his hand; then chuckled he,  
"I'll make a little pet of thee;  
You little baby bumble bee."

The little pet put in his plea,  
Objecting to such company,  
But Tye thought they would soon agree—  
He, and the baby bumble bee.

But ah, the pet had brought a key,  
Which fitting Tye's fist to a T,  
Unlocked the grip and set him free;  
That little baby bumble bee!

Poor Tye cried out quite lustily,  
And wept with many a loud boo hee,  
"You've stuck a yusty pin in me,  
You badest, badest bumble bee!"

Away to mother's sheltering arms,  
Tye with a smarting finger ran;  
She soothed his troubles and alarms,  
And lectured to the little man—  
Until his finger was at ease—  
And ended up in words like these:

You must not learn the bee to tease,  
For it is wicked to annoy  
The little bee by flower or tree;  
I let my little boy be boy;  
You let the little bee be bee.



## RETURNING HOME.

The sun had set,  
    And in the west  
The pale moon met  
    The craggy crest  
Of mountains, limned  
    On skies of night,  
Where late had gleamed  
    The dying light.

The iron horse  
    Along his track,  
Had run his course  
    And brought me back  
Thro' nightly depths—  
    So, cold, alone,  
I bent my steps  
    For home, for home.

The street lamps glared  
    Like myriad ghosts,  
That sat and stared  
    From off their posts,

While shadows danced  
    The lights between,  
And thus enhanced  
    The nightly scene.

The sidewalk, swept  
    By wailing winds,  
That moaned and crept  
    About the pines,  
Led me to where  
    A cottage gate  
Creaked in the air  
    Of night, so late.

A lamp shone out  
    Upon the snow,  
And spread about  
    Its cheerful glow,  
That lit the walk  
    Which led to where,  
The trusty lock  
    She'd fixed with care.

I rang the bell  
    To give my call,  
While footsteps fell  
    Across the hall  
To welcome me  
    From out the night—  
She turned the key,  
    And all was light.

A loving smile  
    That countenance lit,  
Nor died the while  
    But lasteth yet;  
For in those eyes  
    I daily see  
Where welcome lies  
    For such as me.

## EVENING.

The dove has sought her sheltered nest  
No more to wing the air:  
The hidden sun has crowned the west  
With that familiar glare.

The trav'ler long has quit the path;  
The leafy wood is still:  
The wind has softened to a breath;  
The rose sleeps on the hill.

The stars are twinkling on the breast  
Of eastern skies serene,  
While backing down along the west  
The crescent pale is seen.

The hazy hills lie vague afar  
Beneath the starry light,  
While not a sound is raised to mar  
The quiet of the night.

THE END OF OUR PLAYS.

We wandered thro' woods and o'er meadows,  
With hearts that were cheerful and bold,  
And watched both our short little shadows,  
As over the stubbles we strolled,  
And stopped by the spring in the valley,  
To fill up our cup to the brim—  
But now he has grown up to manhood,  
And I have ceased playing with him.

We'd go near the wide waving bushes  
And build our playthings in the shade,  
And hark to the robins and thrushes  
That sang round the spot while we played.  
And oft we would play there at night-fall  
Till the moon arose over us dim—  
But now he has grown up to manhood,  
And I have ceased playing with him.

We played by the brook that went pouring  
O'er moss and o'er stones to the cove,  
And watched the gray hawks that went soaring  
O'er the wood-covered hills of Brush Grove.  
In winter we chased the shy rabbit  
'Neath the screen of the low hanging limb—  
But now he has grown up to manhood,  
And I have ceased playing with him.

—PUEBLO, COLORADO, 1885.

THE GHOST.

Once a ghost from the darkness—

There is no such a thing—

Came out in a country

And started to sing.

In the country of Fan-see—

There is no such a place—

And startled the folks

With his ghostly grimace.

He sang, "Gold for the Millions"—

There is no such a song—

And strewed the rich metal

The highway along,

Till a schemer, Fu Wizer—

There is no such a man—

Picked the gold from the highway

As the wealthy ghost ran.

Can you see from this tale—  
And of course 'tis not true—  
That a ghost is in *fancy*,  
And gold is with *few*.



THE DREAMERS.

The little rose that scents the bower  
Among the woodland ways confined,  
Knows nothing of a sister flower  
Which blooms in that Eternal Mind;  
Yet in this gloomy world of death  
She dreams of still a brighter bloom,  
Until the winter's chilling breath  
Has sent her to a frosty tomb.

The little fish within his lake,  
Knows but the shores which keep him there;  
Knows nothing of the waves that break  
Against a thousand leagues of shore;  
Yet on his little bed of moss  
He dreams of heavenly lakes to come;  
Of golden sunshine spread across  
The rippling surface of his home.

The little child, upon whose eyes  
    This great, mysterious life has dawned,  
Knows but this canopy of skies;  
    Knows nothing of a world beyond.  
Yet on his little bed he lies  
    And dreams of heavenly lands afar,  
And looking thro' the phantom skies,  
    He sees their sunlit gates ajar.

Oh may their earthly dreams come true,  
    And may the little flower that blows,  
The little fish that bathes in blue,  
    The little child 'mong earthly woes,  
Like beams which strayed too far from home  
    To light creation's gloomy place,  
At last be gathered by the One  
    Who shed them from His loving face.

## AIR CASTLES.

I build them high in my dark blue sky,  
To shine with their starlit towers,  
And I watch them there in the melting air,  
Thro' my long, long joyous hours.

I place a love in the halls above,  
With a face that is sweet and loving,  
And eyes as true as the skies are blue,  
With the stars o'er her pathway moving.

When the world goes mad, and my heart grows sad,  
And the winds of the world are weary,  
I bring my eyes from my pleasure-skies,  
And my way seems dark and dreary.

Then my castles fall with the maiden, all  
A wreck to the clouds of sorrow;  
But I raise them up in my hours of hope  
To brighten my far to-morrow.

## BITS.

## I.

The birds in the azure while flying may rustle  
Their wings on the cloud, but can turn them away ;  
While man on this earth, 'mid the hustle and bustle,  
Can shun not the cloud that is chilly and gray.

## II.

'Tis strange the first breath that a baby can gather  
From out the fresh air of the morning so fair,  
Has in it the seeds which shall grow and be ever  
The thorns and the feeders of trouble and care.

## III.

Affections, as warm as the warmest, will molder  
When discord has entered a household to stay,  
And a home with a scolder, grow colder and colder ;  
For cold is a scold on the sunniest day.

## IV.

We never can tell what an hour may bring,  
Nor what the near future may have;  
The morning may rise on our hope-trusting eyes,  
But the even may rest on our grave.

## V.

At the footing of life draw a line;  
Add up what is good, what is bad;  
The credit of life shall be thine,  
But the debit of life will be sad.

## VI.

The ring your hear should tell you well  
The metal of the sounding bell;  
And so the voice to you impart  
A knowledge of the hidden heart.

## VII.

For him who never had his sight  
To know the sunlight's brilliant ray,  
It must be hard to tell how night  
Can differ widely from the day.

## VIII.

Some action by another wrought  
With unpremeditated care,  
May change the mind's misguided thought,  
And build another image there.

## IX.

We're like a cloud before the skies  
That checks the sunbeams in their fall ;  
We're always dark to some one's eyes;  
We need not strive to please them all.

## X.

Each one must bear his human load,  
If life would be his own,  
And reap from nothing in his road,  
Except from what he's sown.

## XI.

We know men by their actions,  
For nature keeps her rule,  
And he who laughs at folly,  
Must be himself a fool.

## XII.

It is the darkness of the night  
That makes the day so beautiful;  
It is the wrong beside the right  
That shows the latter's blessing full.

## XIII.

Some wise, witty man has written—  
And 'tis nothing else but true—  
“If you get the best of whisky,  
Whisky 'll get the best of you.”

So it is if beer too often  
Touch the lips which quiver near,  
Death shall stretch the wretched victim  
Silently upon his bier.

Still the wines with all their poison,  
Prey upon unwary minds,  
Till another dear companion  
Sleeps beneath the wailing winds.

Then “W'at ails 'im?” comes the query:  
Better go and ask the ales!  
They have *hornes*—so has Old Harry—  
And a stock of horrid *tales*.

## XIV.

They're both the same, this "can't" and "won't;"  
For if we can't, of course we don't;  
And if we won't, of course we wouldn't;  
So 't's just the same as if we couldn't.

## XV.

I'm sure that rattlesnakes and birds  
Will never bunk together;  
Though both are creatures of our God,  
They're never both a feather.

## XVI.

I'd rather sit in this old seat,  
And chat the evening hours away,  
With one who makes my home complete,  
Than have the President's chair to-day.  
There's no strikes here; although 'tis true  
Financial squeezes come our way,  
We both find plenty here to do,  
And never quarrel about the pay.



## XVII.

When is the time to rise and vow  
That we shall be better than ever?—Now.  
And where is the place that we should rear  
This tower of resolutions?—Here.  
And now how long should this endeavor  
Be kept with the throbbing heart?—Forever.

## XVIII.

Here in the calm and the clear of the even,  
Here by my window I'm watching again;  
Watching the sunset die out of the heaven;  
Watching the shadows creep over the plain.  
Watching the hills disappear in the gloaming;  
Watching the rocks that hang over the stream,  
Where the last dusky fairies of sunset were roaming—  
Watching the world fading out to a dream.

[THE END.]

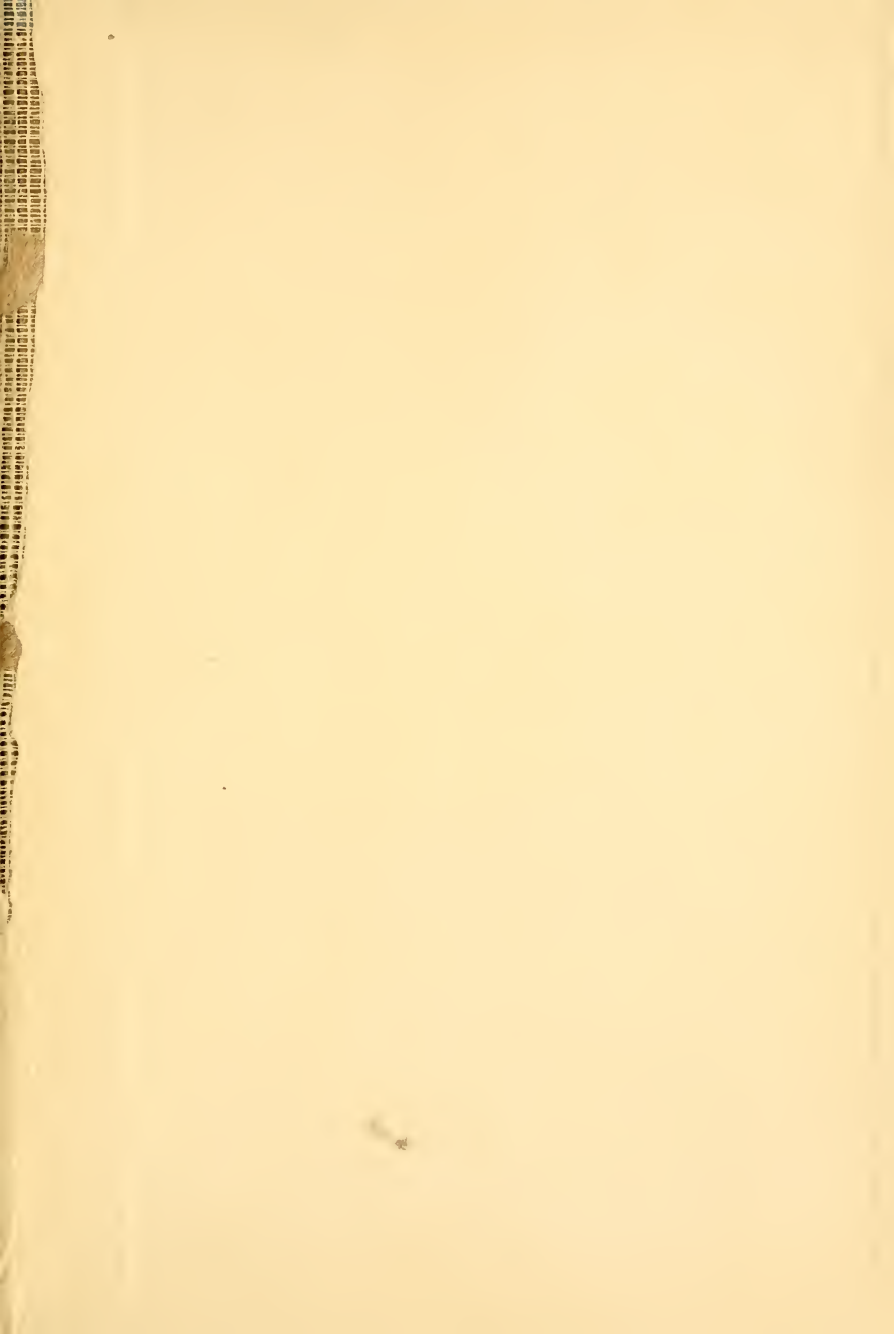












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